20c JUNE 1, 1953

RICHARD CROSSMAN FROM MUNICH

New Republic

GEORGE KENNAN

Hope in an Age of Anxiety

America's Leading Diplomat Turns to the Domestic Scene

ADLAI STEVENSON

Citizen Adlai Charms and Disappoints Delhi

EISENHOWER IN BERMUDA

What Is US Policy?

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JUN 11 1953

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From Our Readers

Hell's Canyon

● Your article (*NR*, May 18) is excellent on the destructive nature of the maneuver of Secretary McKay looking toward the issuance of a permit to the Idaho Power Co. to build a comparatively small run-of-the-river dam in "Hell's Canyon," Idaho. But there is an additional phase that needs to be emphasized.

If McKay had said only that in this year of economy the building of "Hell's Canyon" dam would have to be postponed, there would be no protest from this region. We could bear the delay if smaller dams, much needed in view of our power shortage, were built by private power, by Public Utility Districts, by municipalities and, where necessary as a supplement, by the federal government.

A number of power projects are being developed now, in this region, by the Washington Water Power Co., the Pacific Power & Light Co., and by local public agencies. No one, however besotted with loyalty to public power, protests private power when it doesn't use its ventures to block other agencies.

What is so mischievous about the Idaho Power Co's. "Oxbow project" is not that it would build a hydroelectric plant for its needs. There are a number of power sites available to it that it could develop without opposition. But it ignores all other sites, and selects its proposed dam in "Hell's Canyon" for the sole purpose of destroying this great federal project.

In Washington, Oregon and Montana there are a series of great dams, built by federal agencies through private contract that have enormously increased power production and consumption, and have greatly diminished the cost to the consumer. As a result the cost of these dams, with interest, is being repaid much faster than anyone supposed possible when these dams were authorized.

Only in the territory of the Idaho Power Co. have none of these great dams been built. Now, the greatest and most beneficent power project in Idaho, "Hell's Canyon," is being sabotaged by the Idaho Power Co., so that it can retain its power monopoly. In the last election when Idaho went so overwhelmingly for General Eisenhower, it nevertheless elected Democratic candidate for Congress, Mrs. Gracie Pfost, a newcomer in public life, over the well-known and experienced Republican incumbent, chiefly because Mrs. Pfost campaigned so vigorously for the building of "Hell's Canyon" dam. The people of Idaho are restive under the Idaho Power Co's grasping insistence that it be the sole beneficiary of the power streams of Idaho.

The Republican national leaders are so far from this region in sympathy and understanding that they blindly go ahead, selling down the river the many thousands of Republicans in the Pacific Northwest who thought candidate Eisenhower, in speaking encouragingly about the development of this region's unique power resources, was speaking for his party. This action of McKay in coming to the assistance of the Idaho Power Co. in its determination to destroy the great potentialities of Hell's Canyon for multiple uses, will be costly to the Republican Party. 1954 is not far off. Many of our people are waiting impatiently for the day when they can talk back to McKay and the men who give him orders, at the polls.

Spokane, Wash. BENJAMIN H. KIZER

Meat

● Mrs. George S. Brooks was misinformed about her meat. I as a meat dealer don't see how such a case as she described was possible. Local or state packers of beef don't have to divide meat into grades such as prime, choice, commercial or utility. But it is to the advantage of the retailer to buy his carcus of beef according to his customers demand, in this case. The dealers do or should pay only for the quality of cattle and not for the labels as they were forced to do under the compulsory grading. In Mrs. Brooks town there must be one individual who would lose instead of gain for misrepresenting his merchandise.

As for Mrs. Brooks contracting trichinosis from eating improperly inspected pork, Mrs. Brooks is able to prevent that and therefore my advise is to cook all pork. Mrs. Brooks last complaint about short weight is between her and her butcher. If his scales are out or order they should be fixed. If he cheats deliberately he should be closed down; such a culprit has no right to be in business.

Lancaster, Pa. M. J. HERSHER

Fighting Communism

● Recently the following story of a public-relations man's caution has been widely circulated on the campus of the University of Washington and in the city of Seattle. Throughout the present year one of the departments of the University has been sponsoring a series of evening programs of the reading of poetry and plays. Announcements of these programs have regularly been printed on red-colored cards. Donald K. Anderson, the Director of Public Relations for the University, called in the faculty member responsible for the programs and asked him, "Do you have to use those red cards? Can't you change to another color?" The faculty member explained that 2,000 cards had been purchased in a lot and he did not now have sufficient funds to stock other cards of a less dangerous color. Mr. Anderson said, "I'll buy them from

(*Continued on page 4*)

To Our Readers

● In 1920 the *New Republic* editors sat down to eat with Harold Laski. They seemed, Laski wrote Holmes, "as solemn as a gathering of Baptists met to do justice to the Scarlet Woman of Washington."

But as Edmund Wilson notes, in the *New Yorker*, the solemnity was caused by the "tiny guest of honor." For our editors had just discovered that the formidable prodigy was also a spinner of fantastic tales.

One, unnoticed so far, was Harold's accounts of his feats in tennis. During a lull in an intellectual bout with the *NR's* own prodigy, Walter Lippmann, Harold inquired:

"Lippmann, ah, do you ah, play tennis?"

"Why yes, I'd be happy to play with you."

"Lippmann, ah, are you good?"

Startled, Lippmann, who was a tennis enthusiast, said modestly:

"I suppose I'm fair."

"In that case perhaps we'd better not play!"

"Why Harold, are you very good?"

"Lippmann, ah, let me see how best to answer your question? I shall say simply that the last time I played McLaughlin I was only able to take two sets out of five."

McLaughlin was then the world's champion; Harold weighed only 90 pounds.

But sure enough, Holmes wrote to Pollock about the young Englishman who was not only a brilliant scholar but a whale of a tennis player as well!

Harold's duality misled many young men. Today it is better to remember his kindness. No experience matched that of the student sitting stiffly in Laski's musty den. Harold would pour out the port—"the last of old Haldanes"—and then lay out the young man's shining future. The telephone would ring, and when it had uttered one high pitched word into Harold's ear he would interrupt: "Is that you Gangvari Gupta? I am gratified (a) to hear your voice and (b) to infer that I may have the pleasure of your company at five-thirty tomorrow." There would follow accounts of conversations with great men; some fanciful but all memorable.

* * *

A typographer's strike led us to a Baltimore compositor this week. If we look a little strange, we are lucky to appear at all. Please understand too why we are raising our subscription price to $7 on June 27. For a journal that tries to keep ahead, we have lagged too long behind the pattern set by other magazines.

M. S.

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New Republic

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WASHINGTON WIRE

IN THE "Hate England" performance staged by McCarthy last week the Irish seemed at times to be catching up with their old enemy. Robert Kennedy, the brother of Sen. John Kennedy, presented the anti-British charges on East-West trade.

The McCarthy Committee asked questions and McCarthy himself underlined the points with appropriate roars of horror as he stoked up a good lynching fire. Meanwhile, over in the State Department, McCarthy's man Scott McLeod as official patriotism-tester held a thermometer in diplomats' mouths to see if their McCarthyism was the right temperature. (Bohlen's wasn't, thought McLeod.) McLeod, of course, is one of the burdens Ike assumes for his "let's-not-quarrel-with-McCarthy" policy. On the Democratic side in Congress, meanwhile, is Pat McCarran.

Politically conscious Washington has a vital interest in racial and religious trends and is well aware of the hold McCarthy has in Catholic voting areas, not only in Wisconsin but in working-class suburbs in many of the states that switched to the Republican side in 1952. This is particularly true of Irish segments in cities such as Chicago and Boston. (The South prefers its own type of demagogue.) In "McCarthyism" there is a sectarian intolerance, an anti-intellectualism, an insistence on professions of faith as a kind of public ritual that is particularly galling to the rebellious tradition of some Protestant ecclesiastics. Perhaps that is why Bishop Bromley Oxnam attacked Rep. Harold Velde in recent weeks; Velde is a fellow Methodist but his approach is McCarthyesque.

Anti-Communism, of course, is not the monopoly of any race or religion. Some types of personality, it is true, seem curiously attracted by authoritarianism and fluctuate like Louis Budenz, between them, first to Moscow, then to Rome. It is rare, however, for a Catholic to be called on the carpet before McCarthy unless he is of the Budenz type.

In Boston last week 12 Protestant ministers in a joint statement apologized to Britain for the McCarthy attack. (They had better watch out; McCarthy won't get them himself, but Velde still has his eye on the clergy.) In Chicago the National Council of Churches (Protestant) named a committee to watch the queer proceedings in Congress.

There was, for example, Mildred McAfee Horton—her "clearance" from McCarthy's official tester, McLeod, never did come through for a temporary UN committee assignment. Mrs. Horton was former head of Wellesley, you remember, former head of the WAVES, and she was for Ike before Chicago. But she had also criticized the House Un-American Activities Committee and she had "joined a lot of organizations," as friends of the GOP National Committee ruefully told her. What organizations? Well, according to columnist Marquis Childs, the list was reprinted by a small hate sheet (which naturally had access to the House Committee's files) and great stress was laid on her connection with the National Council of Churches (Protestant), successor to the Federal Council. Mrs. Horton never did get her "clearance" which doubtless pleased some, while—as the New York *Times* put it—"the rest of us must be sickened with shame."

Is the time coming when a *prima-facie* evidence of right thinking will be a sturdy Irish name, and when Protestant liberalism will be automatically suspect? As soon try to say whether McCarthy will some day be President.

At Defense Secretary Wilson's only press conference an aggressive reporter asked why newsmen were not being invited to see demonstrations of the new atomic cannon and guided missiles. When Wilson mildly said that he didn't want to give the enemy advance information, the reporter demanded if he knew any case where a military confidence had been violated by a reputable newsman? Yes, said Wilson, recalling as the

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worst example he'd ever heard the famous Chicago *Tribune* Case, which indicated by publishing a list of ships that we had broken the Japanese code in the last war. The reporter sputtered, but Wilson told him it was a fact. The navy had wanted to jail the reporter, he said, but that would have meant a public trial and full revelation of the transgression. After the press conference, Wilson asked one of his aides who that reporter was who had asked the question. "Oh, that was the correspondent of the Chicago *Tribune*," he was told.

Notes: Back from Europe, Walter Lippmann groans "American influence is declining precipitously. . . . President Eisenhower has failed to assert his legitimate authority;" alas, poor Walter, and who supported Ike for the Presidency in that April 22, 1952, issue of *Look*, promising he would give a "strong" administration? . . . Nevertheless, tales from Europe of America's plummeting prestige are now really terrifying; maybe Ike can do something about it at Bermuda with Churchill. . . . But will a man stand up to Malenkov who won't stand up to McCarthy? . . . Ike's fiscal program puts everything off to next January; then if the global situation isn't any better, it looks as though Ike means to propose a federal sales tax. . . . Our prediction: Congress won't pass it. . . . Joe Alsop, whose column, like Lippman's, supported Candidate Eisenhower, now says he is for Adlai Stevenson "posthumously." . . . All the time McCarthy was publicly kicking about the unfortunate State Department underling "not telling" him the State Department's position on East-West trade he had a letter on his desk from Dulles setting the position forth. . . . The Eisenhower-McCarthy truce is conditioned on the hope Joe won't attack Dulles personally; McCarthy so far denounces the Department, stops just short of Dulles. . . . . . After eight long years of uphill struggle, three coastal states have finally obtained a President's signature on a bill to turn over the tidelands to the states. This will not end the matter, however. Representatives of Texas and Louisiana are already seeking mineral rights in the vast outer Continental Shelf.

Washington T.R.B.

LETTERS

(*Continued from page 2*)

you." The bargain was made, and henceforth announcement of readings will be made in a less alarming hue. The University thus continues its fight against Communism.

Seattle, Wash. JACKSON MATHEWS

● It is recorded in the official record that McCarthy told James Wechsler:

I know if I were head of the Communist Party and I had Jim Wechsler come to Moscow and I discovered this bright man, apparently a good writer, I would say, "Mr. Wechsler, when you go back to the United States, you will state you are breaking with the Communist Party, you will make general attacks against Communism, and then you will be our ring leader in trying to attack and destroy any man who tries to hurt and dig out the specific traitors who are hurting our country."

Well Senator, that might be the way you'd do it. As for me, if I were running Russia I would summon my top aide and tell him:

"Find me an American never connected with any subversive organization; a man with great ambition, who dreams of power; an American with a war record, with membership in as many patriotic organizations as possible and have him run for Congress. He will probably have no trouble getting elected if he runs on a platform of fighter of Communists—defender of America. Once he is elected to the Congress we will set him to work on a two front policy to benefit Russia. On the one front we will have him do all within his power to tear down the American foreign policy. By having him vote against such programs as aid to Greece and Turkey, the Marshall plan, and a strong NATO he will help to keep America's allies weak and defenseless.

On the other front we will have him cloak himself with the American flag and in the name of patriotism start to destroy those institutions that make and keep America free. If he plays his cards right, and becomes powerful enough, within a few years he should be able to set up his own investigating committee. Under our direction he will use this investigating committee for the step-by-step build-up of thought control in the United States. Imitating the methods of our glorious leader we will have him work those Americans into such a hysterical and confused state that they will start to burn books and magazines, and they will ban music that he says does not conform. He will intimidate the press with threats, cause one group of Americans to doubt the loyalty of another group, and, using our methods, cause government officials to fear him to the extent that they will obey him. Publicity such as it is, and American newspapers such as they are, he should be able to exploit the big lie and the big doubt theory to the extent that at the end of a few short years he will be recognized as the highest authority on what is good and bad for his country.

I realize, comrade aide, that I am giving you a large order. The success of this plan will depend on the type of man you select to carry it out. The fact that he will do all this in the name of anti-Communism makes little difference to us, for by so initiating our thought control policies he can get the American people into such a hysterical frenzy that at the right moment we can step in, take over the groups that he has already established, and America will be firmly placed in our Communist orbit."

'Preposterous? Perhaps . . . but wasn't it Adolph Hitler who said:

". . . the strength of a totalitarian state lies in the fact that it forces those who hate it to imitate it."?

Chicago, Ill. DARYL D. GRIFFIN

Bandwagon

As for [depression] "preventives," Administration officials are hopeful . . . that they can manage the defense cutbacks in such a way that the impact is not too abrupt or severe.

Meantime, top officials are going to rely chiefly on a flood of reassuring statements from influencial bureaucrats to stop any drift toward a slump. –*From the* Wall Street Journal.

* * *

C. E. Wilson, Secretary of Defense, still is having some trouble in finding men of the kind he wants for a number of top jobs in the defense establishment. It is going to be necessary to dip below top reaches of industry to get some of the needed executives.–*From* US News & World Report.

* * *

Secretary of the Interior McKay announced today that "as an aid to encouraging trade with our allies" he has wiped out a ban against the sale of foreign-made souvenirs in national parks.–*From the St. Louis* Post-Dispatch.

* * *

Sherman Adams, Assistant to the President, told of General Eisenhower setting out for the golf links recently and remarking, "My golf would be a lot better if someone did something about the price of beef."–*From the Washington* Star.

* * *

Eureka's vice-busting "honest cop" who broke up a network of six brothels in the town was suspended indefinitely by Police Chief Ed Emaheiser yesterday on charges of "disloyalty."–*From the San Francisco* Chronicle.

Our readers are invited to contribute; $2 will be paid for each item used. Address Bandwagon, c/o New Republic. Please enclose the original clipping. – The Editors.

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New Republic

BERMUDA—NO GOLF FOR EISENHOWER

PRESIDENT EISENHOWER was right to call Britain, France and the US together in Bermuda. But more than a meeting is necessary to halt the drift and division that threaten the free nations.

To Bermuda, Sir Winston Churchill will bring a firm basis for Western policy toward Russia and China, a grasp of the use and limits of diplomacy and the will and authority to govern the country that elected him as its leader. The trouble is, as Churchill well knows, that neither Eisenhower nor the spokesman for France (whoever he may be) meet these tests.

France has no government today. She has not the strength to hold Indo-China, nor the will to transform the fighting there from a colonial campaign to a war for national independence. She is strangling her own creation, the European Defense Community, and refusing to sanction the inevitable next step—a German armed force joined loosely to NATO. Her own military schedules set last year are abandoned. Yet while the Russians are raising the East German army from 50,000 to 150,000 troops, France vetoes an increase of the only West German force, the border police, from 10,000 to 20,000 men. So a new Korea is prepared.

The United States Government in contrast possesses a clear mandate to lead the free nations. And, despite all evidence to the contrary, we possess the will. There are more US soldiers than French soldiers posted in Europe today. And yet in Bermuda, Churchill will find in the spokesmen for our nation the indecision, the lack of leadership, the obsessive fear of phantoms, the preoccupation with minor events that all but paralyzes France.

Churchill does not know whether Eisenhower lives in the world as it exists or in the realm of myths spun by the Republican Party in opposition. He does not know whether Eisenhower speaks for the US or whether he and Dulles are content to be kept informed of the next steps in US foreign policy as they are dictated by Senators Knowland and McCarthy. He cannot even be sure whether Eisenhower, caught between fishing and golf, understands the worthy phrases that are thrust into his hands when he rises to speak.

Churchill governs; Eisenhower tends to substitute public relations for government. He has no Russian policy, no China policy, no basic policy at Panmunjom that Churchill can accept, reject or try to change. And as long as this miserable situation continues, the US and its allies will drift apart.

The trouble is that the Republican Party has not completed, and shows no signs of completing, the transition from opposition to responsibility. It lives still within its myths, and its myths govern the Administration. No administration abroad resembles the Republicans as they were in opposition; and no common policy for the West can be built on myths. The policy that can bring England and America together again, and offer leadership to the free nations is one that is based on realities.

The first of these realities is that we have neither the military power nor the moral sanction to destroy the Communist regimes by force. From this it follows that we can gain nothing by demanding their unconditional surrender.

Regrettably the unconditional surrender doctrine remains uppermost in the Republican Party. It is strengthened in the Administration by the elevation of an Admiral known for intransigence to the post of military chief that Omar Bradley once made a guarantee of restraint.

The assumptions of the intransigent military mind are well stated by General Van Fleet in his *Life* article. He writes:

> We are . . . thoroughly and completely superior to the Chinese Reds in North Korea.
>
> . . . all we have to do is to start an all-out effort in Korea and the Reds will come begging to us. . . .
>
> . . . any time we want to beat the Reds in Korea . . . I guarantee you it can be done.

From this it follows—to Van Fleet—that we can and must "insist" on what amounts to the surrender of Communist China in Korea, Formosa, Southeast Asia and all fronts. If the Chinese decline to surrender, then we will set out to "achieve military victory." We will "eliminate" the Red Chinese regime. We will put Chiang Kai-shek on the mainland to "liberate their nation." Van Fleet adds: "We can annihilate them if we want to."

All this is terribly wrong. It may be, as Van Fleet maintains, that we could have pressed our offensive to a successful conclusion in 1951. It is not true today. The Communists are entrenched 30 miles deep in Korea. They keep five armies to guard the East coast of Korea against amphibious invasion, further armies on the West coast, and

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still more in reserve. We are far outnumbered in Korea and yet only a quarter of Communist China's armed strength is concentrated there. How then does Van Fleet propose to "eliminate the regime"? With the five under-equipped and over-aged divisions now defending Formosa? Or with atomic bombs? Despite the terrible risks of the course he advocates, Van Fleet gives no hint of the way in which "victory" is to be "guaranteed."

And what does Van Fleet mean when he cries *"annihilate them."* What nation dedicated to human dignity ever held up the annihilation of another nation or its armed forces as its aim? Yet today in greater or lesser measure, these attitudes prevail. Rather than place hard truths before the people and stand on those truths, the Administration is out with Van Fleet searching for someone who will surrender. The search may carry us over the mountains of North Korea, across the banks of the Yalu, through the windswept wastes of Mongolia and beyond the forests and swamps of Siberia. We may even drop atom bombs from vast altitudes on women and children (leaving survivors united in bitter hatred against us, who today retain doubt and lingering respect for us). But we will still find no one to surrender, and long before our guarantors of "victory" turn back in defeat, the nation behind them will be left despised and alone.

The first element in a constructive policy then is to remind ourselves that this nation at least is still prepared to wage world conflict with Communism in ways other than war.

This implies our intention to share the same world as the Communists as long as they refrain from the use of force. It is logical in Churchill's view to recognize and deal with Communist nations because in the long run diplomacy is the only alternative to war. Recognition does not mean approval, as Churchill reminded the House of Commons when he remarked that the Conservatives recognize Aneurin Bevan. But recognition by the non-Communist nations is useless as long as one nation—the United States—insists on playing out a futile and unprincipled game of inciting the Nationalists to start over the Chinese civil war.

Few among our allies will endorse the ridiculous fiction held by the United States that Chiang Kai-shek governs 475 million Chinese. Very few will vote to support the US position that a government which does not hold an inch of the Chinese mainland is in a position to carry out China's obligations under the Charter. The point was stated beyond refutation in 1950 by John Foster Dulles in his book *War or Peace.*

> If the Communist Government of China in fact proves its ability to govern China without serious domestic resistance, then it too should be admitted to the UN . . . that might end a preponderant voting superiority of the US and its friends which, while pleasant, is somewhat fictitious. . . . Communist governments today dominate more than 30 percent of the population of the world. We may not like that fact, indeed we do not like it at all. But if we want to have a world organization, then it should be representative of the world as it is.

Whether or not Dulles will voice this view today, we have nothing to gain by seeking to browbeat the member nations of the UN into accepting our bit of Republican folklore. It does not follow that we should ourselves petition Communist China to renew diplomatic relations. The difference here between ourselves and our allies is not one of recognition or non-recognition. It is that they understand that acts such as recognition can be judged only in the light of the conditions under which they are considered and the terms on which they are brought about. In contrast, the Republican Party has allowed itself to sink into a neurotic fixation on a few rigid symbols. In this fixation acts such as recognition become absolute evils, to be rejected regardless of the circumstances or the results. This attitude guarantees deadlocks which force alone can break and leads to the fearful condition in which it is practically treasonable to voice in America an opinion which in fact is held by the majority of free nations.

The objective of recognition is negotiation—and the third level of disagreement between the US and its allies which will arise in Bermuda concerns the possibilities of genuine negotiations today. Other free nations believe in these possibilities. Americans discard them muttering "Peace offensives!" and remembering the long deadlock at Panmunjom. But exchanges of propaganda statements are not negotiations, and if anything beyond a temporary cease fire is achieved in Korea, it may be in spite of rather than because of the meetings in Panmunjom.

True negotiations must consider broader issues; they must be continued without recourse to hourly press releases; they must be based on an understanding that Russia and China have national interests which their governments intend to protect, and a willingness to at least endeavor to examine these interests. Instead today the Congress and the press share Van Fleet's attitude towards the Communist enemy. "I have seen his tricks and I have seen that what he thinks is good for him is bad for the US and for free peoples everywhere." This is a world of naked power. No common standards make possible a world organization like the United Nations. There is no prospect of peace. The Chinese Government is ordered to forswear all pressures on Southeast Asia since these are wicked tricks. But the US is to be free to train, equip and transport the Nationalist armies for a war of invasion against the Chinese Government.

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This is intolerable nonsense, as Churchill well knows. A lifelong enemy of Communism, he holds that accommodations even on major issues are possible with our Communist opponents. He believes that, starting with Germany, it may be perfectly possible to induce the Russians to retreat, if we can offer in return assurance against German aggression. No doubt he believes further that it may be possible to induce the Russians to permit a non-Communist regime to be established for all Korea if in turn we accept limits on the remilitarization of Japan. This attitude and not (as ignorant commentators assert) a misplaced faith in the Soviet "peace offensive" lies behind Churchill's present desire for talks with the Soviet leaders. And this attitude alone offers a basis for unity in the West.

These are the elements of a constructive attitude that can restore the unity of free nations and the leadership of the United States. If Eisenhower ignores them, the West will be further divided. If he recognizes them, he in turn will be attacked by the Republican extremists. Already Senator Knowland has threatened to lead a movement to take America out of the United Nations if it accepts Chinese Communists. It would be foolish, given the attacks on the UN already fomented by extremists, to underestimate this threat.

So the issue is joined for Eisenhower. He must govern or surrender. He cannot substitute public relations for government. He cannot slough off the Presidential power in the name of delegation of authority. The oath he took on January 20 was to uphold not the Republican Party, nor the China lobby, but the Constitution of the United States.

Before Eisenhower and Churchill meet Malenkov, they themselves must meet. And now, before Eisenhower and Churchill can meet and agree, Eisenhower must meet and master his own Republican Party. The tragic fact is that Eisenhower, though he was elected last November, has not yet assumed the duties of his office.

THE WEEK

ASTIN THE MENACE

The Republican Administration's regard for public opinion and for the nation's welfare, as well as its desperate need for plums with which to reward the faithful after many years of famine, seems to have found a symbol in Secretary of Commerce Sinclair Weeks' latest stand in the Astin case. Astin, says Weeks, will be fired come what may. He will be fired even if the National Academy of Sciences Committee which is to review AD-X2 finds Weeks' original excuse for dismissal to be false.

Weeks refers vaguely to "administrative problems" as one reason why he must get rid of Astin. It is futile to attempt a definition of such a term. But it might not be futile to recall that the American Machine and Foundry Co. of Boston is so confident of taking over the Bureau of Standard's research on electronic proximity fuses that it has offered jobs to Bureau personnel now doing that research; that the research project could lead to manufacturing contracts worth tens of millions of dollars; that if AM&F should obtain the contracts it might order the millions of dollars worth of necessary connectors and plugs from the United Carr Fastener Co., and of essential silver solders and contacts from the Reed & Barton Corporation, since both are in the Boston area; and that United Carr and Reed & Barton are companies in which Secretary of Commerce Weeks has major business interests. Dr. Astin might object to the transfer of vital research to private firms and thus create "administrative problems."

Weeks' motives are probably above reproach; but his request to the Defense Department to place no more research projects with the Bureau of Standards opens questions concerning his judgment. In any case, it would seem that the public is entitled to his reasons, specific reasons, for dismissing Dr. Astin and for seeking to halt the crucial research entrusted to the Bureau of Standards.

LIBERTY VS. WIRE TAPPING

Wire tapping and the use of evidence obtained thereby have long been subjects of sharp controversy. It is said that wire tapping is a handy means of discovering crime and that a man should not escape punishment merely because his crime was uncovered in such a surreptitious manner. On the other hand, wire tapping admittedly invades the privacy not only of the persons suspected of crimes but of countless others who happen to converse with those under surveillance. And it can become an extremely dangerous weapon in the hands of unscrupulous government agents.

The Supreme Court, over the vigorous dissents of Justices Brandeis and Holmes, decided some 25 years ago that wire tapping is not barred by the Constitution; it is not an unreasonable search and seizure prohibited by the Fourth Amendment. Several unsuccessful attempts were then made to obtain legislative outlawry of the practice. But in 1937 the Court rather unexpectedly decided that Congress, in enacting the Communications Act of 1934, had both prohibited wire tapping by federal agents and rendered intercepted communications inadmissible as evidence in federal criminal trials. Such is the present state of the law, a fact which led to the reversal of the conviction of Judy Coplon several years ago.

Numerous efforts have been made since 1937 to get Congress

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to reverse the judicial interpretation of the Communications Act. The latest such move is that of Attorney-General Brownell. He has asked Congress to permit the use in federal criminal trials of evidence "heretofore or hereafter" obtained by wire tapping during the course of investigations relating to national security or defense. Such evidence would be admissible only when obtained by the FBI upon the express approval of the Attorney-General.

Thus is brought into focus again the problem of reconciling the ideals of liberty with the demands of law enforcement. This time the demands call for the legalization of activities which are thought by many to be "inconsistent with ethical standards and destructive of personal liberty." The Brownell proposal authorizes the invasion of privacy on the secret, ex-parte order of the Attorney-General, a power which appears uncontrollable save for the dictates of the conscience of the possessor of that office. A court would find it most difficult to upset his determination that a particular investigation concerned national security or defense, categories which can be stretched to include nearly all federal investigations. And it is to be noted that the evidence uncovered by wire tapping can be used in the prosecution of any crime, whether or not related to the national security or defense. In effect, wire tapping could take place at the whim of the Attorney-General.

Congress thus must determine whether it is better to be free from the perils of wire tapping or to accept the Brownell plea that the proposed legislation "is vital for the adequate safeguarding of our country and its way of life."

MORE GIVE-AWAYS?

Stockmen seeking their share of the nation's resources, have come to Washington to testify in favor of speedy enactment of a bill by Rep. W. A. D'Ewart (R, Mont.) and Sens. Frank Barrett (R, Wyo) and Hugh Butler (R, Neb.) to "clarify" grazing laws in the National Forests. The measure would, in effect, deprive the US Forest Service of practical control over the grazing lands of the National Forests and turn the stockmen's grazing privileges into rights, which could be sold or transferred at will and are expected to end up in the biggest cattlemen's hold.

Conservation groups oppose the bill as a threat to conservation of land, timber, water and wildlife; small stockmen as a threat to their livelihood.

The grazers have sought for years to gain control of grazing lands at the expense of hunters, fishers, vacationers and the adjacent communities which depend for their water supplies on protection of the watershed.

Not yet convinced by Congressional action on tidelands or the Administration's decision to withdraw from Hell's Canyon Dam, the New York *Times* said editorially:

> We all will learn much about the real attitude of Congress—and the Administration—toward an effective conservation policy for the United States by what happens to the stockmen's special-interest grazing bill. It certainly ought to be rejected.

THE CONSUMER $

Department of Agriculture statistics show that the over-all spread between high consumer prices and low farm income is continuing to increase. Who is getting the profit? In President Truman's budget submitted in January, the Federal Trade Commission was directed to find the answer by undertaking a study of what happens to the consumer dollar. This year, however, the Republican members of the House Appropriations Committee slipped a "sleeper" into the money measure, providing that "no part of the foregoing appropriations shall be available for a statistical analysis of the consumer's dollar." It passed the House unnoticed, but William Langer (R, N.D.) called it to the attention of the Senate.

"Are the proponents of this particular clause in the bill afraid of getting the answers to these questions?" Senator Langer asked. "Are they fearful of having the spotlight of publicity thrown on excessive and unjustified price increases?"

The Republican majority in the Senate seemed afraid. Only four Republicans, along with 25 Democrats and one Independent, voted to permit the FTC to make a breakdown study of the consumer dollar; 36 Republicans and nine Democrats opposed it.

Hidden Profits

Here is the 30-to-45 roll-call vote by which the Senate took away from the Federal Trade Commission the right to make a study of what happens to the consumer dollar.

FOR THE STUDY (30)

Republicans for—(4)

LANGER (N.D.)	MALONE (Nev.)	WELKER (Idaho)
	YOUNG (N.D.)	

Democrats for—(25)

ANDERSON (N. Mex.)	HUNT (Wyo.)	MONRONEY (Okla.)
CHAVEZ (N. Mex.)	JOHNSON (Colo.)	NEELY (W. Va.)
DOUGLAS (Ill.)	JOHNSTON (S. C.)	PASTORE (R. I.)
EASTLAND (Miss.)	KILGORE (W. Va.)	RUSSELL (Ga.)
FULBRIGHT (Ark.)	LEHMAN (N. Y.)	SMATHERS (Fla.)
GILLETTE (Iowa)	LONG (La.)	SPARKMAN (Ala.)
GORE (Tenn.)	MAGNUSON (Wash.)	STENNIS (Miss.)
HILL (Ala.)	MANSFIELD (Mont.)	SYMINGTON (Mo.)
HUMPHREY (Minn.)		

Independent for—(1)

MORSE (Ore.)

AGAINST THE STUDY (45)

Republicans against—(36)

BARRETT (Wyo.)	DIRKSEN (Ill.)	MC CARTHY (Wisc.)
BEALL (Md.)	DUFF (Pa.)	MILLIKIN (Colo.)
BENNETT (Utah)	DWORSHAK (Idaho)	MUNDT (S. D.)
BRICKER (Ohio)	FERGUSON (Mich.)	PAYNE (Me.)
BRIDGES (N. H.)	FLANDERS (Vt.)	POTTER (Mich.)
BUSH (Conn.)	GOLDWATER (Ariz.)	PURTELL (Conn.)
BUTLER (Md.)	GRISWOLD (Nebr.)	SALTONSTALL (Mass.)
CAPEHART (Ind.)	HENDRICKSON (N. J.)	SMITH (Me.)
CARLSON (Kan.)	HICKENLOOPER (Iowa)	TAFT (Ohio)
CASE (S. D.)	IVES (New York)	THYE (Minn.)
COOPER (Ky.)	JENNER (Ind.)	WATKINS (Utah)
CORDON (Ore.)	KUCHEL (Calif.)	WILLIAMS (Del.)

Democrats against—(9)

BYRD (Va.)	ELLENDER (La.)	HOEY (N. C.)
DANIEL (Tex.)	FREAR (Del.)	HOLLAND (Fla.)
ROBERTSON (Va.)	MC CLELLAN (Ark.)	MAYBANK (S. C.)

Senators Not Voting—(21)

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WESTERN EUROPE MOVES LEFT AGAIN

THE WESTERN European equivalent of the New Deal is struggling for a new lease on life. There has been a halt, temporary at least, in the trend toward a political Right opposed to economic and social justice that had continued so long and so steadily that it seemed irresistible.

For the first time since the start of the Cold War, the Socialists gained ground everywhere. The Communists, unfortunately, also did well.

On the Right, the losses of Gen. Charles de Gaulle's Rally of the French People were so close to catastrophe that his chances of making another political comeback are dubious. The man who came forward as the putative leader of the Right is Antoine Pinay, a kind of French Calvin Coolidge, who appeals to the humdrummery of normalcy which seems far more attractive to the French bourgeoisie at present than grandiloquent heroism or the adventurousness of *la grande banque*, as represented by René Mayer.

The elections resulted not in a victory but in a setback for the Right. The moderate, cautious, go-slow elements of the classical Right displaced the crusading, bold, near-Fascist Right. After a long period of comparative industrial peace in Britain, France, Italy and West Germany, the labor unions are taking a more militant tack.

In France, the Communists have recently been trying hard to win over the Socialists to common action on the labor front. The effort is as a matter of fact more vigorous than ever before since 1936. Thus far, the Socialists have refused, but—and this is significant—largely because the Communists, while soft-pedalling their political aims since the start of the Malenkov good-will offensive, have not altogether dropped their pro-Sovietism. And the results of the elections left no doubt in anyone's mind that the whole working class—Socialists as much as the Communists—opposes the essentially anti-labor policies of the whole Right—as much those of Pinay and Mayer as those of de Gaulle. But, even on the Right in France, there are some sensible men who see that, after the Malenkov switch, the acceptance by the US of the European thesis of a rearmament spread-out and slow-up puts economics at the top of the domestic priorities and re-poses the permanent issue of bread for those who have not their fair share.

It is typical that these voices come from men and groups favoring European unification and US-European co-operation. Paul Reynaud, for example, says that the Communists' ability to maintain their voting strength "proves that anti-Communist propaganda will not defeat Communism. We must create economic conditions that will permit workers to live elsewhere than in slums. Fewer slogans and more houses. More social goals in politics. Let us not allow insolent luxury to flaunt itself next to poverty."

A revived New Dealism, which might be sound under Socialist control, can become a strong Communist weapon because an anti-New Deal government, now in power in the US, affects and is affected by similar governments which have long been in power in Britain, France, Italy and West Germany. The *Franc-Tireur* of Paris says that the striking fact in France is that the opposition parties did best, and that the Socialists gained strength precisely because they preferred to stay in the opposition rather than share in anti-New Dealism. In West Germany, similar Socialist gains are being made for the same reason; this is also true in Austria, Denmark and elsewhere. And in Italy, the anti-Communist Socialists are unable to make such gains, largely because their willingness to back the Christian Democratic foreign policy puts them into the position of accepting domestic anti-New Dealism.

Obviously, Moscow sees good chances for the tactic of bidding for depression in the far-West of the US. Whether or not such a depression is likely the fear of it is an influential psychological factor in Western Europe.

We pointed out recently that the new Communist slogan for France (and probably all of Western Europe) is independence, bread, freedoms and peace. The French elections show that it is making headway. Pinay, the winner on the Right, calls himself an independent, and is in fact almost as much committed as de Gaulle to "independence of US policy." The winners on the Left, the Socialists, while not yet responding to Communist bids for joint economic action, are committed to the implications of bread. The MRP, though a Catholic party, is also concerned—at least a faction is—with economic and social justice.

The danger is, therefore, that US policy may force the Socialists to choose bread instead of freedom as the top priority, and may also push part of the MRP to the same choice. And the best hope for preventing this is for the anti-New Deal US government to realize that in Western Europe anti-New Dealism serves Moscow.

Paris FRANK GORRELL

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STEVENSON CHARMS AND DISAPPOINTS DELHI

by Krishnalal Shridharani

THREE IMPORTANT Americans began to make their impact upon the Indian capital at the same time. This spring the new American Ambassador, George Allen, presented his credentials to President Rajendra Prasad. Adlai Stevenson arrived the next day. The coming shadow of John Foster Dulles lengthened to Delhi about the same time. Stevenson had to make his mark as a member of this American trio.

Delhi's difficulty in sorting out the three men turned into Stevenson's good fortune. The comparison and contrast brought out the defeated candidate for the American Presidency in bolder relief. For one thing, Stevenson could be expansive, striking a more harmonious note without commiting the government of the United States, as the only non-official of the three.

George Allen, through no fault of his own, is still being followed by the ghost of his predecessor, Chester Bowles. Certain quarters, therefore, were naturally inclined to misunderstand him. While presenting his credentials to the President, he brought out a contrast between "failure" of individual liberties in China on the one hand, and the "inspiring" example of India on the other. No doubt it was a *tour de force* to bring in a third country when the Ambassador of one nation was presenting his credentials to the head of another state. But it was taken much worse, because a certain segment of the Indian press is under the impression that the Eisenhower Administration is trying to set Delhi against Peking. In spite of all these initial handicaps, George Allen is gradually appearing in Delhi as a sincere and able career diplomat who believes that American aid to India should increase.

The appraisal of Dulles is a case of prejudgment. For the first time an American Secretary of State is visiting India and all efforts were made to assure that he would receive the consideration and reception due the foreign policy chief of a mighty state. Yet enthusiasm was lacking, and no special stirrings were discernible around Nehru. At the time of the Japanese Peace Treaty Dulles had hurt Nehru's sensitivities by failing to come to Delhi.

The *People*, a Lucknow weekly, called Stevenson's trip a visit and Dulles' a "visitation." A very small part of the Indian press believes that Dulles wants India to play its part in pitting Peking against Moscow. There is another reason for suspicion in this segment of the press. It feels that the main reason behind Dulles' visit to various Eastern countries is to evolve a new American emphasis with the Middle East, implying more attention to Pakistan than to India.

The Indian Communists were hostile. Bhupesh Gupta, a Communist member of the Council of States, described Dulles as "Warmonger Number One" and demanded that the Council should debate his visit before the government had a chance to deal with him. His request was ruled out. And the Communists took to the streets with protest meetings.

On the credit side, it is realized that Dulles is coming to India as the representative of a President who is more Asia-minded than his predecessor. Moreover, he is bringing along Harold Stassen, a man who has acquired in India the reputation of a liberal Republican. And Dulles himself has declared that he is coming with "no preconceived program."

And yet Stevenson gained through comparison because India was looking forward to a "different kind of America." He was welcomed by many groups, including government circles, as "a man who talks our language." An inaudible sigh escaped wherever he went, as if to say: "It's a pity he is not in the White House!" This feeling did not imply any disappointment with Eisenhower; it merely expressed the intimacy that India had begun to experience with a Democratic-led nation as interpreted by Bowles. As the pro-American *Times of India* observed the store of Indian goodwill for Stevenson was generated by "his widely known liberal, pro-Indian feelings." The Indian press vividly recalled that during the Presidential election campaign in America Adlai Stevenson had more strongly expressed himself in favor of American aid to India than had Mr. Eisenhower.

Stevenson gave a taste of his famous sense of humor at his press conference in Delhi. Confronted by a question from a Pakistani correspondent in Delhi as to what transpired between him and the KashmirPremier, Sheikh Abdullah, during their three meetings in Shrinagar, Stevenson snapped: "I may not be a politician, but I am old enough for that one." Outside Delhi he asked more questions than he answered, carried a note book and made jottings, and always claimed: "I am a reporter myself." His favorite inquiry was, "Why is America so unpopular?" At Nilokheri, a "Community project" center, he saw a *charpoi* (rustic cot), and confessed to the village headman that he wished he could have a nap on it. The Delhi *States-*

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man remarked "Even in his trivialia, he has the quality of wit and sanity we came to except from him in his election speeches." A columnist in *The Times of India* observed: "Mr. Stevenson, touring India, continues to leave behind a trail of happy phrases. . . . The underlying earnestness and humility of the man give his utterances a natural nobility."

He did the four "right" things, an established formula followed by most visiting celebrities, and prepared the ground for endearing himself to India:

He visited several river valley projects and community projects, and declared that he was "immensely impressed" by the progress made under the Five-Year Plan.

He was "impressed" not only by the Taj Mahal, but also by the huge National Physical Laboratories and National Chemical Laboratories, the "new Taj Mahals erected by Nehru."

He met Nehru and praised him in public. As the guest of the Government of India, he met Cabinet Ministers, Members of Parliament, opposition Leaders, and members of the Planning Commission.

He praised the "land reforms" in Kashmir.

Stevenson did an unusual thing for an American. He became one of the very few Americans to interpret India's foreign policy as India would like it to be interpreted, and the Nehru Government could not ask for more. At his press conference in Delhi Stevenson held that India's foreign policy is not that of neutrality "in the sense that it is indifferent in a clash between tyranny and freedom or tolerance and intolerance, but that it represents an anxiety not to get entangled in any conflict, hot or cold."

Although a non-official, Stevenson was treated regally in Delhi. The government put him up at the Nizam's palace. Delhi's *Hindustan Times* said: "As the defeated Presidential candidate he has no official standing in his own country comparable, for instance, to the Leader of the Opposition in Britain, but that he is of Presidential timber has earned for him high regard both at home and abroad so that his views command weight accordingly." Even the American Embassy in New Delhi treated him as "the most authentic spokesman of the opposition in the USA." It gave him all the deference due to a man who still might move into the White House.

If any group was slightly disappointed, it was Stevenson's special admirers and students. They had hoped that India would have an opportunity of hearing from an American arguments that were "not pure Yankee talk." Intelligent Indians had hoped to meet and hear an American who was different from the "officials" who visited India or who thundered from Washington. It is an enigma in Delhi, as to what happened, but the liberal at home sounded conservative abroad. Stevenson no doubt acted as a proud American who did not want to wash Washington linen on the scrubbing *ghats* of the Jumna. Perhaps he wished to a void setting off another dispute after the Philippines visit. Perhaps he wanted to strengthen Eisenhower's hands in Asia. Whatever the reason, the liberals were disappointed to hear from *his* mouth the familiar phrasing of all issues in terms of the conflict with Communism, and they felt that a golden opportunity to strike a rapport between India and American on the liberal note was muffed. The belief in Delhi's official circles that Democrats, though alert to the Communist danger, were less "hysterical" than Republicans was somewhat shaken.

There was a fumble to start with at Calcutta's Dum Dum airport. There Stevenson described the Communist-led invasion of Laos in Indo-China as "a major invasion of an independent country." Those who were interested in Stevenson knew that he was on record in demanding that France should announce its time-table of vacating Indo-China. But a majority of Indians did not know this, and so Stevenson took himself too much for granted. India did not expect Stevenson, of all Americans, to describe Laos as "an independent country"—India, even today, is more aroused by the presence of retreating colonialism than by the danger of advancing Communism. Calcutta's powerful English-language daily *Amrita Bazar Patrika* commented: "Though Mr. Adlai Stevenson, Democratic Presidential candidate in the last election, has expressed grave concern at the Communist menace in Indo-China, he has somewhat belittled the threat the depredations of KMT troops in Burma constitute to peace in Southeast Asia."

Then, again, Stevenson sounded distrustful of the Chinese "eight-point proposals" on prisoners of war in Korea. The Indian pay-off came within a week. Addressing the Parliament on May 15, Prime Minister Nehru commended the Chinese proposals as "a very close approximation to the Indian Resolution passed by the General Assembly," and condemned the counter-proposals made by the United Nations Command in Korea because "they diverge considerably" from that resolution. Liberals in India were surprised to learn that the distance between the Nehru approach and the Eisenhower approach is the same as between the Nehru approach and Stevenson approach.

To maintan the freshness of his articles for *Look*, Stevenson avoided, as often as possible, mak-

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ing statements and addressing public meetings. That started a rumor that he was gagged by the American Embassy in Delhi, a rumor squashed by Stevenson himself as he took India's leave after 17 days. But because he declined to address public meetings, very few Indians other than those who already knew his reputation and admired him came to know him, and an otherwise thoroughly possible mass ovation never attended his arrivals or departures. But the small groups which met him became convinced that they will hear more of him in future, and they were gratified to learn that he was returning home convinced that (1) American money spent in India is "well spent," and that (2) "Asia is more important than most Americans think."

RADIO CITY—MUNICH

by Richard H. S. Crossman

MUNICH has always been proud of its international character. Today it probably has more foreign residents than ever in its history. Thousands of political refugees from Russia and the satellite states are gathered here, conducting emigré newspapers, playing emigré politics and eking out an existence on funds provided by one or other of the rival Secret Service organizations which have set up business in Munich since the US decided to make it the headquarters of the Crusade against Communism.

Exactly what these organizations are at, no English visitor is likely to discover, though he will hear plenty of rumors about them. All the Germans I talked to resented the conspiratorial atmosphere and complained about the close attention which American counter-intelligence pays to their activities and even to their private correspondence. I sympathize with them, for the climate of the Cold War is more oppressive in Munich than in any other European city except, perhaps, Western Berlin.

Out of this murky ground-fog soar the American radio stations, *Free Europe, Radio Liberation* and the *Voice of America.* Here are three concerns which are above ground and proud to tell you what they are doing. Since they are doing a great deal, it may be worth summarizing the impressions of a visit which I paid to each of them last week. The *Voice of America* is housed in the vast Consulate-General and broadcasts to two of the Baltic states, to the Soviet Union in several languages, and to one or two of the satellites. Most of its output is still relayed from New York, but I was told that as far as its severely limited funds permit, it is developing its own original transmissions. "What directive did you get when Stalin died?" I asked the service chief. "I can't answer that question," he replied, "but I can tell you that we felt pretty frustrated. Here in Munich we are right up against the Iron Curtain, and we don't like having to pull our punches just because the boys at home feel squeamish." I need hardly add that McCarthy's investigators, Messrs. Cohn and Schine, found no fault with the Munich operation of the *Voice of America.* It is tough, hard-hitting, anti-Communist propaganda, such as every Congressman can listen to with pleasure. Whether it is equally effective on the other side of the Iron Curtain is another question.

But though it is a far bigger affair than the BBC Eastern European Service, the *Voice of America* in Munich feels itself a very poor relation. Starved of funds and distracted by Congressional investigations, it looks with envy on its two private competitors. Characteristically, the Americans encourage free enterprise even in psychological warfare, and it is the two private radio stations, *Free Europe* and *Radio Liberation,* which are making the pace. They have all the staff, the equipment and the dollars that they need, and they are also free from any cribbing control by the State Department. "As a private radio station, not inhibited by diplomatic considerations, but within the great line of American foreign policy, *Radio Free Europe* wages an intensive and effective psychological war against Communism." In these words the *Voice of America's* chief rival is described in a brochure issued to allay the concern which Germans feel about this remarkable manifestation of the American way of life. And it continues: "The program is beamed over 20 transmitters in Germany and Portugal, with an output of 260 hours a day, to Albania, Bulgaria, Czechoslovakia, Hungary, Poland and Rumania . . . with the object of driving a wedge between the enslaved peoples and their rulers; undermining Soviet and indigenous Communist influence by every possible means; and letting the peoples know that we desire their liberation and support their aspiration to establish free governments of their own choice."

With a staff of 1,300 in Munich, and another 100 in 16 special information bureaus scattered

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from Stockholm to Istanbul, *Free Europe* is a formidable affair. Every day it monitors a hundred thousand words from 40 Communist radio stations, cuts and files dozens of Russian and satellite newspapers, as well as interrogating every refugee after the American Intelligence has finished with him. And it uses the vast quantity of information it thus collects for a round-the-clock radio war. To quote from the German brochure again, *"Free Europe* is doing the job today which the BBC did in the Second World War, when many countries were dominated by Hitler's armies and the truth was concealed by censorship."

Imitation is the sincerest form of flattery, and certainly *Free Europe* has learned a great deal from the BBC's wartime propaganda methods. Unlike most American psychological warriors, its directors (there are 28 Americans in Munich: the rest of the staff are refugees) understand that news is the best propaganda. Though some 70 percent of its output is music and entertainment, the basis of the service is formed by the 24 ten-minute news bulletins, transmitted on the hour, and the political commentaries, discussions and letter-box programs with which they are interspersed.

But what about the policy? A daily directive is received from the New York office (which also directs *Radio Free Asia* in California); but I gather that effectively policy is made by the refugees who write the program. Many of the London Poles, Hungarians and Czechs have joined *Free Europe*. Those I talked to complained about the pressures to which they were submitted by rival emigré factions, but were enthusiastic about the freedom they enjoy in Munich, compared with the rigorous control to which they, and their friends, were subjected in the BBC. The only firm directives I could discover were a ban on support for Titoist movements, a veto on Slovak separatism and Sudeten German irredentist propaganda, and a strict directive not to upset Dr. Adenauer and to support a German contribution to EDC.

If Free Europe is a copy, or rather an American modification, of our wartime BBC European Service, *Radio Liberation* bears a curious resemblance to those secret "freedom" stations which neutral observers tell us were operated from Britain during the war. Its sole object is the disruption of the Soviet Union by speaking to the peoples who compose it in their own languages, not merely Russian but Georgian, Turkistani, even Azerbaidjanian. Unlike *Free Europe*, which frankly admits that it is American-run, *Radio Liberation* claims to be the entirely independent voice of the united Russian emigration. Its arrival on the air was delayed by this claim. The charming American who directs it debated for many months with the emigrés, who range from the Tsarists of the 1917 vintage to the most recent Communist deserters. What basis could they find for their united propaganda? Finally, after a walk-out by the Ukrainians, a directive was agreed which excluded "predetermination" of what shall happen after the Kremlin has been stormed, and confines the station to anti-Soviet agitation. The afternoon I spent there was nostalgic. It had all the comedy and the frustration, the personal rivalries and national resentments which I myself experienced when dealing with emigré propagandists during the war.

The most curious feature of radio life in Munich is the elaborate protocol which divides private from public enterprise. One evening, at a party given by the chief American press officer, I asked after L———, one of the leading Americans in *Free Europe*. "He can't be invited here," I was severely told, "because *Free Europe* has nothing to do with us." True enough, *Free Europe* is private enterprise in the sense that it has received some $3.5 million collected by the Crusade for Freedom, an American organization whose committee includes everyone—Eisenhower and Adlai Stevenson, Big Bill Donovan and Lucius Clay, Cecil B. de Mille and Henry Luce. That big business has footed most of the bill is indicated by the fact that the joint campaign chairmen are Henry Ford II and Charles E. Wilson of General Electric.

So too, *Radio Liberation* claims to be financed exclusively by the "American Committee for the Liberation of the Russian Peoples." But it is difficult even for the most credulous to believe that either Mr. Adenauer or the American military authorities in Germany would have allowed these stations to be established in Munich if they were really "private." What seems to have been evolved is a highly ingenious formula for organizing an anti-Cominform. Just as the Russian Government blandly denies that it controls Communist parties outside Russia, so now the American Administration avers, with its hand on its heart, that it has no responsibility for this free-enterprise propaganda financed by American capitalists. And if anyone complains that this is organized hypocrisy, the State Department can always reply that it is no more hypocritical than the claim to independence of the Cominform.

There is no doubt about the technical efficiency of the American Cold War operations in Munich. But the Englishman who inspects them is inevitably disconcerted. It is nice to be told that the BBC's contribution to the destruction of the Third Reich has been taken as a model for the Crusade against Communism. But the BBC was operating in wartime, and we are not supposed to be at war —as yet.

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HOPE IN AN AGE OF ANXIETY

by George F. Kennan

THE SENSE of warmth and reassurance that flows from this occasion means all the more to me because I cannot forget that there are forces at large in our society today that do not inspire me with this same feeling —quite the contrary. These forces are too diffuse to be described by their association with the name of any one man or any one political concept.

They have no distinct organizational forms. They are as yet largely matters of the mind and the emotion in large masses of individuals. But they all march, in one way or another, under the banner of an alarmed and exercised anti-Communism—but an anti-Communism of a quite special variety, bearing an air of excited discovery and proprietorship, as though no one had ever known before that there was a Communist danger; as though no one had ever thought about it and taken its measure; as though it had begun about the year 1945 and these people were the first to learn of it.

I have no quarrel to pick with the ostensible purpose of the people in whom these forces are manifest. Surely, many of them are sincere. Surely, many of them are good people. Surely, many of them have come to these views under real provocation and out of real bewilderment.

But I have the deepest misgivings about the direction and effects of their efforts.

In general, I feel that what they are doing is unwise and unfortunate, and I am against it. They distort and exaggerate the dimensions of the problem with which they profess to deal. They confuse internal and external aspects of the Communist threat. They insist on portraying as contemporary realities things that had their actuality years ago. They insist on ascribing to the workings of domestic Communism evils and frustrations which, in so far as they were not part of the normal and unavoidable burden of complexity in our life, were the product of our behavior generally as a nation, and should today be the subject of humble and contrite soul-searching on the part of all of us, in a spirit of brotherhood and community, rather than of frantic and bitter recrimination.

And having thus incorrectly stated the problem, it is no wonder that these people constantly find the wrong answers. They tell us to remove our eyes from the constructive and positive purposes and to pursue with fanaticism the negative and vindictive ones. They sow timidity where there should be boldness; fear where there should be serenity; suspicion where there should be confidence and generosity. In this way they impel us—in the name of our salvation from the dangers of Communism—to many of the habits of thought and action which our Soviet adversaries, I am sure, would most like to see us adopt and which they have tried unsuccessfully over a period of some 35 years to graft upon us through the operations of their Communist Party.

I would not mention these things if I felt that they were only my personal concern and had no relation to the undertaking which we have gathered today to celebrate. But I fear that there is here a serious relevance which we cannot ignore.

Thanks to the vision of wise and generous people, this university is now adding one more important unit to the number of those facilities in our country in which men can cultivate their own understanding and extend the boundaries of knowledge, in the field of arts and letters. Certainly there could be no finer undertaking and none more needed. But I feel that this undertaking, too, will have to deal at some point with the forces I have just described—that by entering upon this undertaking you will eventually find that these forces will be your concern just as they have already become the concern of some of us who have walked in other branches of life.

I feel this first of all because these forces are narrowly exclusive in their approach to our world position, and carry this exclusiveness vigorously into the field of international cultural exchanges. They tend to stifle the interchange of cultural impulses that is vital to the progress of the intellectual and artistic life of our people. The people in question seem to feel either that cultural values are not important at all or that America has reached the apex of cultural achievement and no longer needs in any serious way the stimulus of normal contact with other peoples in the field of arts and letters.

They look with suspicion both on the sources of intellectual and artistic activity in this country and on impulses of this nature coming to us from abroad. The remote pasts of foreign artists and scholars are anxiously scanned before they are permitted to enter our land, and this is done in proceedings so inflexible in concept and offensive in execution that their very existence often constitutes a discouragement to cultural interchange. The personal movements and affairs of great scholars and artists are thus passed upon and controlled by people who have no inkling of understanding for the

George F. Kennan, former US Ambassador to Russia, gave this convocation address at Notre Dame University.

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creative work these same scholars and artists perform.

In this way, we begin to draw about ourselves a cultural curtain similar in some respects to the Iron Curtain of our adversaries. In doing so, we tend to inflict upon ourselves a species of cultural isolation and provincialism wholly out of accord with the traditions of our nation and destined, if unchecked, to bring to our intellectual and artistic life the same sort of sterility from which the cultural world of our Communist adversaries is already suffering.

A second reason why I think you will have to concern yourselves with the forces to which I have pointed is that within the framework of our society, as in its relations to external environment, the tendency of these forces is exclusive and intolerant—quick to reject, slow to receive, intent on discovering what ought *not* to be rather than what *ought* to be.

They claim the right to define a certain area of our national life and cultural output as beyond the bounds of righteous approval. This definition is never effected by law or by constituted authority; it is effected by vague insinuation and suggestion. And the circle tends to grow constantly narrower.

One has the impression that, if uncountered, these people would eventually narrow the area of political and cultural respectability to a point where it included only themselves, the excited accusers, and excluded everything and everybody not embraced in the profession of denunciation.

I recall reading recently, twice in one day, the words of individuals who proclaimed that if certain other people did not get up and join actively in the denunciation of Communists or Communism, they would thereby themselves be suspect. What sort of arrogance is this? Every one of us has his civic obligations. Every one of us has his moral obligations to the principles of loyalty and decency.

I am not condoning anyone for forgetting these obligations. But to go beyond this—to say that it is not enough to be a law-abiding citizen—to say that we all have some obligation to get up and make statements of this tenor or that with respect to other individuals, or else submit to being classified as suspect in the eyes of our fellow citizens—to assert this is to establish a new species of public ritual, to arrogate to one's individual self the powers of the spiritual and temporal lawgiver, to make the definition of social conduct a matter of fear in the face of vague and irregular forces, rather than a matter of confidence in the protecting discipline of conscience and the law.

I would know of no moral or political authority for this sort of thing. I tremble when I see this attempt to make a semi-religious cult out of emotional-political currents of the moment, and particularly when I note that these currents are ones exclusively negative in nature, designed to appeal only to men's capacity for hatred and fear, never to their capacity for forgiveness and charity and understanding.

I have lived more than 10 years of my life in totalitarian countries. I know where this sort of thing leads. I know it to be the most shocking and cynical disservice one can do to the credulity and to the spiritual equilibrium of one's fellowmen.

And this sort of thing cannot fail to have its effect on the liberal arts, for it is associated with two things that stand in deepest conflict to the development of mind and spirit: with a crass materialism and anti-intellectualism on the one hand, and with a marked tendency toward a standardization and conformity on the other.

In these forces I have spoken about, it seems to me that I detect a conscious rejection and ridicule of intellectual effort and distinction. They come together here with a deep-seated weakness in the American character: a certain shy self-consciousness that tends to deny interests other than those of business, sport or war.

There is a powerful strain of our American cast of mind that has little use for the artist or the writer, and professes to see in the pursuits of such people a lack of virility—as though virility could not find expression in the creation of beauty, as though Michaelangelo had never wielded his brush, as though Dante had never taken up his pen, as though the plays of Shakespeare were lacking in manliness.

The bearers of this neo-materialism seem, indeed, to have a strange self-consciousness about the subject of virility—a strange need to emphasize and demonstrate it by exhibitions of taciturnity, callousness and physical aggressiveness—as though there were some anxiety lest, in the absence of these exhibitions, it might be found wanting.

What weakness is it in us Americans that so often makes us embarrassed or afraid to indulge the gentle impulse, to seek the finer and rarer flavor, to admit frankly and without stammering apologies to an appreciation for the wonder of the poet's word and the miracle of the artist's brush, for all the beauty, in short, that has been recorded in the images of word and line created by the hands of men in past ages? What is it that makes us fear to acknowledge the greatness of other lands, or of other times, to shun the subtle and the unfamiliar?

What is it that causes us to huddle together, herdlike, in tastes and enthusiasms that represent only the common denominator of popular acquiescence, rather than to show ourselves receptive

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to the tremendous flights of creative imagination of which the individual mind has shown itself capable? Is it that we are forgetful of the true sources of our moral strength, afraid of ourselves, afraid to look into the chaos of our own breasts, afraid of the bright penetrating light of the great teachers?

This fear of the untypical, this quest for security within the walls of secular uniformity—these are traits of our national character we would do well to beware of and to examine for their origins. They receive much encouragement these days, much automatic and unintended encouragement, by virtue of the growing standardization of the cultural and, in many respects, the educational influences to which our people are being subjected.

The immense impact of commercial advertising and the mass media on our lives is—let us make no mistake about it—an impact that tends to encourage passivity, to encourage acquiescence and uniformity, to place handicaps on individual contemplativeness and creativeness.

It may not seem to many of us too dangerous that we should all live, dress, eat, hear and read substantially alike. But we forget how easily this uniformity of thought and habit can be exploited, when the will to exploit it is there. We forget how easily it can slip over into the domination of our spiritual and political lives by self-appointed custodians who contrive to set themselves at the head of popular emotional currents.

There is a real and urgent danger here for anyone who values the right to differ from others in any manner whatsoever, be it in his interests or his associations or his faith. There is no greater mistake we of this generation can make than to imagine that the tendencies which in other countries have led to the nightmare of totalitarianism will, as they appear in our own midst, politely pause—out of some delicate respect for American tradition—at the point where they would begin to affect our independence of mind and belief.

The forces of intolerance and political demagoguery are greedy forces, and unrestrained. There is no limit to their ambitions or their impudence. They contain within themselves no mechanism of self-control. Like the ills of Pandora's box, once released, they can be stopped only by forces external to themselves.

It is for these reasons that I feel that you, in setting up at this time within this great academic community a center for liberal arts, are taking upon yourselves a great, though honorable, burden. You are going to have to swim against the tide of many of the things I have been talking about.

You are frequently going to find arrayed against you, whether by intent or otherwise, the materialists, the anti-intellectuals, the chauvinists of all sizes and descriptions, the protagonists of violence and suspicion and intolerance, the people who take it upon themselves to delimit the operation of the principle of Christian charity, the people from whose memories has passed the recollection that in their Father's house there are many mansions.

What you do in these walls will often be unsettling and displeasing to such people. They will view it with jealousy. You will have to bear their malice and their misrepresentation. But, unlike what many of them profess to wish to do to their own chosen enemies, it will be your task not to destroy them but to help in their redemption and remaking, to open their eyes, to demonstrate to them the sterility and hopelessness of negative undertakings, to engender in them an awareness of the real glories and the real horizons of the human spirit.

In this lies both the duty and the opportunity of the devotees of the liberal arts within our contemporary American civilization. It lies with them to combat the standardization of our day: to teach people to accept the great richness of the human mind and fantasy—to welcome it and to rejoice in it, happy that we have not been condemned by nature to a joyless monotony of the creative faculty, happy that there are so many marvelous ways in which the longings and dreams of men can find expression.

It lies with the devotees of the liberal arts to combat the materialism of our time: to teach us how to ride to work in a motor vehicle and absorb the canned music of the advertisers without forgetting that there is also a music of the spheres, to force us to remember that all the manifestations of our material prowess, impressive as they seem, are nevertheless only impermanent auxiliaries to our existence:

That the only permanent thing behind them all is still the naked vulnerable, human soul, the scene of the age-old battle between good and evil, assailed with weakness and imperfections, always in need of help and support, and yet sometimes capable of such breathtaking impulses of faith and creative imagination.

Finally, it lies with the devotees of the liberal arts to combat the forces of intolerance in our society; to convince people that these forces are incompatible with the flowering of the human spirit, to remember that the ultimate judgments of good and evil are not ours to make: that the wrath of man against his fellow man must always be tempered by the recollection of his weakness and fallibility and by the example of forgiveness and redemption which is the essence of his Christian heritage.

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LITERATURE AND THE ARTS

WHAT DOES ART CREATE?

by Herbert Read

Philosophy in a New Key, the very successful theoretical work which Mrs. Langer published just over ten years ago, left off at a point which promised a new and exciting critique of art. A volume of more than 400 pages has not proved enough for this task, and once more the author leaves us with a tantalizing promise. What we still lack, and expect from Mrs. Langer, is a general esthetic in which the various arts are brought into relation with each other, and seen in their fundamental unit. What we are meanwhile given is a semantic analysis of the meanings of art, as separately manifested in the practice of the arts—in painting, sculpture, architecture, poetry, music, the dance, and the drama. It is again a brilliant book, a little diffuse in structure, perhaps, but full of original observations expressed in a clear and expressive style. The range of reference is immense, and in at least two of the arts—music and drama—the author gives an impression of direct acquaintenance with the creative process. Her handling of the plastic arts is not so convincing.

FEELING AND FORM: *A Theory of Art*, by Susanne K. Langer (Scribner's; $7).

Mrs. Langer remains in this work primarily a philosopher, and she is therefore much concerned with definition—with the definition of art itself, and with the meanings we should attach to such words as expression, creation, symbol, import, intuition, vitality, and organic form. Most of her definitions can be related to a theory of symbolism which she has inherited from her master, Ernst Cassirer, and we need not be surprised, therefore, to discover that all the manifestations of art are to be comprehended by this theory. Art, that is to say, is a symbolic activity, and is to be distinguished from other symbolic activities by the nature of the material it symbolizes. Mrs. Langer has no doubt about the proper sphere of art's symobilizing activity—it is charged with "the creation of forms symbolic of human feeling."

Almost every term in this definition might be challenged. The notion of "creation," for example, is a cause for much perplexity. Mrs. Langer pays little attention to the possibility of unconscious motivation—though artists have often disclaimed the notion of originality and have spoken rather as if angels dictated to them. Even the word "human," which looks so innocent in the definition, is a little suspect—if the Pyramids are works of art, what *human* feeling do they symbolize? Mrs. Langer has a plate illustrating Stonehenge, but impressive as this monument is, especially at sunrise or sunset, the emotion it symbolizes is anything but human. But is the word "feeling" itself adequate? Here one is somewhat baffled by any reference to a basic psychology—one does not know whether Mrs. Langer is using "feeling" in the sense, for example, in which it would have been used by William James, or in the quite different sense in which a psychologist like Jung would use the word. What range of somatic and psychic phenomena does it cover? If, as would see to be the case, Mrs. Langer uses the word in its customary sense to indicate a subjective state of sensation, desire or emotion, then it is very doubtful if the definition would cover whole categories of works of art where what is symbolized by the work of art might more accurately be called an intuition. An intuition of what? In the case of architecture and of certain modern abstract paintings, it is an intuition of harmony, of a "good" *gestalt*. The work of art symbolizes nothing but an intuitive apprehension of formal relationships. We may say the result is "pleasing," but Mrs. Langer spends a lot of time arguing that the intention of the artist is to present feelings not to enjoyment, but to conception. She does not share what Otto Baensch has described as "the erroneous opinion . . . that the percipient's delight and assent are the criteria of art."

It would be possible to argue that the main object of art is to do away with symbols. Mrs. Langer defines a symbol as "any device whereby we are enabled to make an abstraction." But one tendency of art is to strive to avoid abstraction—to come to terms with what the artist apprehends directly as the reality of the object. This may be a delusive aim on the artist's part, but when Cézanne painted the Montagne Sainte-Victoire, he thought he was presenting us with a piece of nature. "The *littérateur*," he said, "expresses himself by means of abstractions, the true painter by means of design and colour, his sensations and perceptions." That is to say, a painting by Cézanne is not so much a symbol, but, in Charles Morris' sense of the word which Mrs. Langer adopts, a signal. When we come to consider more recent types of non-representational and constructive art, the lack of any symbolic reference is all the more obvious. The "feeling" in such works is not in any sense referential: it is contained within the work of art, it is self-subsistent. Mrs. Langer admits the "virtual" character of works of art, their "disengagement from belief," but she then states, rather arbitrarily, that abstract form as such

> . . . is not an artistic ideal. To carry abstraction as far as possible, and achieve pure form in only the barest conceptual medium, is a logician's business, not a painter's or a poet's. In art forms are abstracted only to be made clearly apparent, and are freed from their common uses only to be put to new uses: to act as symbols, to become expressive of human feeling.

There is the crux of my disagreement with Mrs. Langer. Abstraction is not necessarily a process of achieving pure form "in only the barest conceptual medium." Chardin achieves pure form in the exact representation of a wine-bottle, a tumbler, a loaf of bread and a carving knife. It would be a misuse of the term

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"expression" to say that these objects, as arranged and painted by Chardin, "express" a state of feeling about bread and wine, or any feeling for these objects in their everyday uses. Juan Gris or Braque might have used the same objects and have carried abstraction "as far as possible"—that is to say, to a point where the objects were no longer recognizable. But the painting would not on that account be necessarily less of a work of art. It might be symbolic, but not necessarily symbolic of a state of human feeling.

In her earlier book Mrs. Langer made frequent use of a phrase, "the pattern of sentience," which seemed to me a perfect description of the work of art. But I see now that it is an ambiguous phrase, for everything depends on where we discover the pattern. If we find the pattern in the feeling, and faithfully depict it, then we can say that the work of art is symbolic of human feeling. This is an exact definition of expressionistic art, so characteristic of the Germanic tradition. But more often the artist is possessed by feelings, intuitions, promptings from the unconscious, which have no precise pattern of sentience, *but which he reduces to concreteness and precision in the act of creating a work of art.* Art gives form to feeling (and to other mental states), it is a process of crystallization; but the form is not imposed from without nor dictated from within. It is a dialectical development, and the final synthesis is a unique event.

THEY SHALL BELIEVE

CHILDREN ARE BORED ON SUNDAY, by Jean Stafford (Harcourt, Brace; $3).

"I HAVE A HORROR," Scott Fitzgerald once wrote, "of going into a personal debauch and coming out of it devitalized with no interest except an acute observation of the behavior of colored people, children and dogs." The particular objects of interest to Miss Stafford's imagination are not these, but they are limited in somewhat the same way; her stories usually focus on the naive feelings of the insane (or near-insane) or the childish. There are girls with imaginary lovers, imaginary fathers, and nervous breakdowns: there is even one who thinks she is twins. When such people are not providing the point of view, childish innocence is.

There is, of course, no reason why good stories cannot be written in this way but it is, as Fitzgerald recognized, a serious limitation on the range of a writer not to be able to get outside such restricted visions, for this is not a limitation to a class or a society, in which the full range of human types is often discernible; it is a limitation of the represented awareness, so that you feel that the author herself finds meaning and value only in the vision these people have.

This may be unfair to Miss Stafford, who is a writer of intelligence and perhaps too much sensibility. Though there is a real difference between the justifiable class liimtations of writers like Hardy and James and this kind of limitation, a complaint against Miss Stafford's limitation may also be unjustified; it may derive from a failure to grasp the real subject of her work. It is possible, that is, that Miss Stafford is not primarily interested in representing people at all but giving a sympathetic impression of an emotional state for which her characters and their situations provide the occasions. In its simplest form, this emotional state is the deep, deep disappointment of the young and innocent on discovering that people, including themselves, are mostly just—people; at its most complex it has something to do with the outer reaches of our awareness of experience, not as idea or understanding but as feeling.

For this purpose the insane and the childish provide the best occasions. For example, one of Miss Stafford's typical characters is a girl who is in a hospital after a bad accident. We know about her only that once when she was in love with a man ten years her senior she was humiliated by turning up at a party in a pink hat when the other girls wore no hats and by having the man make a little joke about it. In the hospital she withdraws herself from all contact with those about her and spends all her time contemplating her brain—"the physical organ itself, which she envisaged, romantically, now as a jewel, now as a flower, now as a light in a glass, now as an envelope of rosy vellum containing other envelopes, one within the other, diminishing infinitely." It was always "pink and always fragile, always deeply interior and invaluable. She believed that she reached the innermost chamber of knowledge and that perhaps her knowledge was the same as the saint's achievement of pure love."

Your immediate impulse here is, I think, to use this information about the way her mind works to evaluate the character, whom the story appears to be about. If you do so, I suppose that you can only conclude that she is mad and that her comparison of herself to a saint is meant by the author as irony. But if you think of the story as primarily concerned to provide an eloquent image of what a girl's consciousness feels like when its possessor is acutely aware of it and think of the character as merely an occasion for elaborating this image, then the force of the image, not the character, is the chief concern and the comparison with the saint's experience quite serious. If this is not the way "The Interior Castle" is meant to be read, then the imagery of the girl's thoughts about her mind and the fairy-story woodenness of the prose ("She was twenty-five years old and she came from a distant city," etc.) are misleading. But if it is, then we are being misled by the emphasis on character of such things as the title—which suggests that the girl's abnormality is the point—and the traumatic hat experience, and the careful character contrasts (the girl thinks her surgeon unimaginative and three pages later he thinks her so).

All these stories are painstakingly constructed to emphasize such ironies, but we cannot ever know what they mean because the characters do not exist sufficiently as social beings to give us our bearings. For example, in "The Maiden" a German lawyer describes how he watched his first client guillotined and then went straight to the phone and proposed to his fiancée (the *maiden* refers to both guillotine and girl). The Americans who are listening are horrified by this juxtaposition and by the guillotining of a man who had stolen sixty pfennigs. The judge from Ohio says, "For sixty pfennigs!"; the narrator is "dumbfounded"; and the reader, I think, wishes he knew enough about these people to decide on

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the degree of irony in Miss Stafford's failure to have any of them remember that the client had brutally murdered the old woman from whom he stole the sixty pfennigs.

In short, these stories seem not quite able to make up their minds whether to be dramatic stories of characters in action with implications of some general validity and a high Jamesian polish, or images of states of sensibility with the extreme distortion of lyric intensity and a delicate Mansfield diction.

ARTHUR MIZENER

STONE, WOOD, METAL

SCULPTURE OF THE TWENTIETH CENTURY, by Andrew Carnduff Ritchie (Museum of Modern Art — Simon and Schuster; $7.50).

THIS IS an optimistic publication in the most important sense because it suggests on every page that the sculpture of our times is alive and dynamic and that this life and dynamism may be capable of still further development. It is optimistic in another sense because it must attempt to present so much in so narrow a space.

The author has met the limits of space gracefully by calling his work an "anthology." The book is in reality much more. An anthology is normally a collection of semi-independent or frankly independent pieces brought together long after the earliest has been created, and in literature it has in the past appeared in periods of contemplative quiescence if not of creative fatigue. Mr. Ritchie's survey of the modern movement in sculpture has been produced in the midst of the movement itself and with the aim of charting a coherent scheme which links historically the units which he presents. His book emerges from the midst of activity and vigorous change; its intent is not to reflect a complacement image of acquired values, but rather to call attention to values which may be still in question yet which cannot be left long in doubt.

Surveys of this kind must carry a considerable freight—of accurate information, of critical honesty, of a certain kind of justice, of faith in the validity of continuing experiment, of an affirmation of the results of experiment in the continuity of the immediate past. There is a need for a compact volume which sympathetically provides a broad view of the modern movement in sculpture seen without regard for national prejudice or for bias in taste. Such certainly is the context of Mr. Ritchie's writing, and for this he will have the respect he deserves.

It is noteworthy that this volume grows directly from the live problems of mounting a major exsearched out in studies or gallustration ,at least more details ject ,the fragment can pass for hibition—"Sculpture of the Twentieth Century," shown in Philadelphia, Chicago, and New York. In structure the book is, in the main, an expansion of that exhibition's catalogue for which Mr. Ritchie was responsible. The expansion is strongest in the introductory portion which organizes, documents, and enlarges upon the gist of what appeared in barely over two pages of the catalogue. To this is added a new section of some ten pages which presents a selection of statements by modern sculptors; those given in translation make clear reading in English, and there is some interesting new and unpublished material emanating from panel-discussion arranged by Mr. Ritchie at the Museum of Modern Art last year.

The bibliographical note, however, is greatly expanded and constitutes, to my knowledge, the most valuable up-to-date guide to the literature of the subject that is currently available. Another expansion, finally, is in the section of plates which illustrate a very large number of pieces from abroad which were not included in the exhibition and which, in some cases, provide views from varying angles which aid greatly in visualizing a sculptural mass as it exists in space.

The book thus covers a considerable scope and makes available in photographic form a variety and interest which an exhibition, even on a princely scale of expense, could hardly equal. The great strength of the book however, is in its approach to sculpture as it exists in its true and tangible material and as such is searched out in studios or galleries and is made known through public exhibition. This basis, which grows directly with certain undeniable realities of the subject of modern sculpture, conditions the intellectual and ordering structure of the book as a whole. Mr. Ritchie's writing is alive with concern for sculpture as it is known through the "object," for the problems of contemporary sculptors, and for the values which their work can bring, if briefly and brilliantly explained, to a larger public consciousness. But if there is strength here there is also limitation.

To do more than this would require first of all a larger book. I am sorry that the book is not larger. It would have given scope for a richer discussion of Rodin (in particular the late "arrangements," hidden away at Meudon, which so vividly prefigure elements of Dada and Surrealism). It would have permitted a fuller discussion of the extremely serious problem of criticism raised by such a figure as Laurens: the distinction which must be made, at length and with no corners clipped, as between the live and inert in sculptural form, between the genuine and the false coin of *avant-garde*. It would have permitted a more detailed view of the Cubist revolution. It might have provided opportunity to show Gabo's monumental finished work as well as his small-scale preliminary models. Among the "painter-sculptors" of 1900-1920 it might have found room for the sculpture of Roger de la Fresnaye (so well represented by a very important painting in the Museum of Modern Art). It would have given the author a chance to develop his categories of stylistic trends where his discerning conclusions deserve more room for buttressing and qualification. It would give us, if not more objects in illustration, at least more details and views. It would give us the vitality of the exhibition with a deeper view into the nature of the portentous period of which the exhibition is but a fragment. The time is going by when, in this subject, the fragment can pass for the whole. If an opportunity has been missed, and I must honestly confess my feeling that such is the case, the basic fault is clearly not Mr. Ritchie's. The proper business of a publishing budget in any institution is to meet a need and a demand in full. In the case of contemporary sculpture the need is there; the demand, I think, will become more vocal.

CHARLES SEYMOUR JR.

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A GREAT NOVELIST

DOM CASMURRO, by Joaquim Maria Machado de Assis, translated by Helen Caldwell (Noonday Press; $3.50).

IT WAS only a year ago, and some fifty years late, that a major work by the greatest of Latin-American novelists was made available in English. This was *Epitaph of a Small Winner*, by Joaquim Maria Machado de Assis, a Brazilian writer as honored in his own country as he has been neglected in ours—which is to say, superlatively. The *Epitaph* proved that the honor was deserved; the only mystery was the delay in foreign recognition. It was as though someone had rather absent-mindedly called our attention to the fact of a Flaubert, say, or a Thomas Mann. And now the same publishers have brought out, in excellent translation, a novel which some critics believe to be the author's best: *Dom Casmurro*. Like the *Epitaph*, it is a work of troubling insight and ironic beauty; perhaps it is even more disturbing in its implications, since the surface geniality of the *Epitaph* is darkened here, infected somehow by a sexual ferocity that is not very far from madness.

In Portuguese, *casmurro* means something like curmudgeon, except that the crotchety-lovable qualities of the curmudgeon are absent. This particular curmudgeon, Bento Santiago, is self-made: a testy, querulous malcontent whose unhappiness has that autonomous, Poe-like quality of existing without real cause. Bentinho is Othello—he acknowledges the rôle; but he is also his own Iago, unacknowledged; and the disaster, the wreck of a marriage, is the more terrible because of its inward-seeking gratuitousness. Ambiguity is everything here. We do not know whether or not Capitú (Desdemona) has sinned with Escobar (Cassio); we do not know, so cleverly has the artist confused the trail, who, precisely, is the father of the adorable and doomed Ezequiel; we do not know—but Bentinho knows, or thinks he knows, and the result is the conventional death of the sinners and the creation of one *casmurro* more.

Much of the delight of this book is to be found in the tender, endlessly varied scenes of early love. Capitú and Bentinho are naïvely and beautifully straight from a kind of paradise—the idyllic relationship which one feels (again) at the beginning of *Othello*. How all this is beclouded, made sick, death-struck, so that the story ends with a rather perfunctory disposal of corpses and a sorry cup of coffee for the hero—well, it's a matter of consummate and naggingly personal art. It is true that the death of Capitú ("she was beautiful in death") is "managed," as is the death of her son: the denouement is hurried; but so are the denouements of Shakespeare, who is obviously the subject of this paraphrase. The rush to the end is made to seem inevitable.

One puts down this book with a kind of wonder. Why has it taken so long for Machado de Assis to come to us? We take pride in our Latin-American relationship; the Good Neighbor Policy goes from Gooder to Goodest; and yet, it takes us more than half a century to catch up with the works of a man who is so superior to anything that we could export—to use the Good-Neighborly terminology—that we can only blush. Our schools know nothing of the Portuguese language: it hasn't even the dignity of Commercial (*sic*) Spanish. Yet *Dom Casmurro* and *Epitaph of a Small Winner*, from the immediate past, show us, as does the contemporary (and equally neglected) poetry of Jorge de Lima, what vast riches are to be found in the art of Brazil. It is to the lasting credit of the Noonday Press that the way for exploration has been partly cleared.

DUDLEY FITTS

A LIVELY CHASE

THE PURSUIT OF HAPPINESS, by Howard Mumford Jones (Harvard; $3.50).

KING ABD-ER-RAHMAN III, who ruled Spain in the tenth century, A.D., and whose long reing was in every way fortunate and felicitous, left this judgment:

> I have now reigned about fifty years in victory or peace, beloved by my subjects, dreaded by my enemies and respected by my allies. . . . I have diligently numbered the days of pure and genuine happiness which have fallen to my lot: they amount to fourteen.

Howard Mumford Jones may not know this rather dismal story, and in any case it would not have discouraged him. His Cook Foundation lectures, as reported in the present small volume, chase happiness at a brisk pace from the Declaration of Independence, which gave official sanction to its political pursuit, to the contemporary scene, where it plays hide-and-go-seek with the psychologists.

It was Mason rather than Jefferson who first enunciated the "self-evident" founding principles. In the Virginia Declaration of Rights, based largely upon his Fairfax Resolves, Mason's draftsmanship was

> All men are created equally free and independent, and have certain inherent natural rights, of which they cannot, by any compact, deprive or divest their posterity; among which are the enjoyment of life and liberty, with the means of acquiring and possessing property, and pursuing and obtaining happiness and safety.

This was shortened by Jefferson into the famous "life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness" which, however, he said were rights endowed by the Creator, and "unalienable."

How they can be "unalienable," Mr. Jones, like other interpreters before him, is quite unable to see. For sufficient reason, society will deprive a man of his life or restrict his liberty or interfere with his happiness, just as much after the American Revolution as before. Indeed, in a truly remarkable survey, Mr. Jones portrays for us the confusions and contradictions of the law courts, both State and Federal, which have attempted in vain, for more than a century and a half, to achieve findings which conform both to reason and prudence and to the "glittering generalities" which Jefferson called self-evidential.

It can be contended, of course, that to the *philosophes* of the Age of Reason, beguiled by false optimism, there was no problem in giving political effect to the equal right of all to happiness. But this is too hasty and superficial. Jefferson was not in fact an optimist; nor were the others for whom he spoke. They were all of them acutely conscious of the real conditions with which, by no choice of their own, they had to contend. Their doubts and misgivings were as deeply felt as their faith and hope. But a nation cannot be founded upon doubts and misgivings and hold promise for the future. In the revolt

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against tyranny, the principles upon which a free society must be built had become apparent. It was therefore upon these principles that the Founders were bound to proceed. It was not a matter merely of the books which had influenced the thinking of the *philosophes*: it was also a matter of the situation which the leaders of a liberated people were forced to meet.

And thus, the famous words were not a "glittering generality" at all, but as Carl Becker phrased it, an invitation to men

> to promote in themselves the humanity which bound them to their fellows, and to shape their conduct and their institutions in harmony with it.

This is what was meant by giving political effect to the inherent right to pursue happiness. As Jefferson himself put it, "perfect happiness was never intended by the Deity to be the lot of one of his creatures;" nevertheless, it was "self-evident" and a matter of "common-sense" that men should be free to seek what happiness they could without undue restraint by society and without unnecessary interference by government.

As Mr. Jones makes clear, the right to happiness was at first identified with the right to own property, and this has persisted. But so has the larger concept, which after considerable deliberation, the Founders definitely preferred. Even the litigation, astounding in its character as much as in its quantity, which this book samples is far from being invariably concerned with property. What, then, is the happiness which Americans have an inherent right to pursue? Is it the other-worldly bliss described by Jonathan Edwards where "the sight of hell torments will exalt the happiness of the saints forever" or the health and contentment of society—the kingdom of God on earth? Is it the satisfaction of desires irrespective of whether they are wholesome and beneficial or is it the practice of moderation and restraint as counselled by the saints and sages? Mr. Jones, racing through the thinking of the nineteenth century, which he finds as copious but not as exuberant as that of the eighteenth, holds up one answer after another from Fenimore Cooper to William James, but each in turn becomes the shattered target of his crisp interrogations.

With the publication of James' *Principles of Psychology* in 1890, says Mr. Jones, "happiness, decisions of the courts to the contrary notwithstanding," was "transferred from the sphere of law to the sphere of psychology." The question is now a personal one, from the liberation of instinctual drives to the achievement of individual "success" and "fulfilment." of this transmogrified "pursuit", And in the slippery complexities the twentieth century has become baffled and lost. Perhaps the very word "happiness" is unfortunate, thinks Mr. Jones. Here, however, he suggests a clue which he fails to follow up. If he had turned to the dictionary, he might have from the same root as "happen," noticed that "happiness" comes "haphazard," "hapless" and "mishap." The idea in each case is one of uncertainty and hazard. The Icelandic people were wise in retaining the word "hap" to mean luck or fortune, both as a noun and as a verb. For happiness, in the non-Jeffersonian, modern sense, is something that may occur or may not: something which, no matter how ardently it is wooed, will not necessarily be won. Or if it be won, it may prove faithless and swiftly depart. We can live so as to make happiness more likely, but nothing we can do will make it certain. There are no prescriptions, no formulas, no guarantees.

The fact is that when we put happiness first and talk much of "personality" but little of character, much of "fulfilment" and scarcely at all of duty, we have left the Jeffersonian concept far behind. In the words of Mr. Jones, at the conclusion of his elusive quest,

> the eighteenth-century men did not mean by happiness that wholly emotional and transient euphoria connoted by wedding parties, love affairs, skiing, and the endless pursuit of thrills. It may be that Jefferson was wiser than are we, and that to rest content with limited, yet not unsatisfactory, opportunities and powers is the highest felicity an individual or a nation can achieve in an indifferent universe.

Hundreds of books have been written in the last century on the subject of happiness. This is one of the few worth reading.

A. POWELL DAVIES

THE EASTERN POSITION

REPORT ON MAO'S CHINA, by Frank Moraes (Macmillan; $3.75).

MR. MORAES is a British trained Indian lawyer and the editor of the oldest and largest Indian newspaper in English, *The Times of India*. He knows Europe and Asia well. He visited Chungking, the war-time capital of Chiang Kai-shek's China, in 1944 and '45. Last year he was invited as one of a group of Indian intellectuals to visit Mao Tse-tung's China and to study the progress of the Communist government. After his return he has written an extremely readable and in many ways brilliant eye-witness report which impresses at least this reviewer as a fair and balanced judgment of a complex process shaping and changing the lives of 400 million people. It will certainly find very many readers. It will hold their interest throughout.

Mr. Moraes understands the historical greatness and the accomplishments of Chiang but he also clearly points out the reasons why his regime collapsed on the mainland of China. Chiang knew that the Communists were ultimately more dangerous to the soul of China than the Japanese, but he did not understand how to oppose an idea to theirs.

> He failed because he believed primarily and entirely in himself. He was China. In his cold, complex calculations he overlooked one small item. He forgot the Chinese people. He believed that he and he alone could lift them by their bootstraps to bigger things . . . Personally incorruptible, Chiang was careless of the corruption around him so long as those who served him remained instruments of his will.

Today a new China is astir, a China strangely composed of nationalist intoxication and of the creative elan of a bigoted and conceited youth movement. But many of its traits are rooted in the Chinese past.

> Chinese are not revolted by cruelty as we are. They would as soon slit a man's throat as they would a frog's. A prisoner in their reckoning is not entitled to humane treatment. . . . Thought control is not foreign to the Chinese. For centuries they have been taught to restrict their reading to accepted and prescribed texts.

The general Communist phenomena of human behavior have been apparently easily accepted by the Chinese. In a Communist country,

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language is as drilled as thought. If a Chinese today speaks of Chiang, he never fails to say "the reactionary regime of the bandit Chiang." Mr. Moraes has a felitous comparison for the difference between India under the British raj and China under Communist domination.

In India during the British period I had often heard it said that the foreign rulers could imprison a man's body behind bars and barbed wires but they could not imprison his mind. In China I discovered that a man's mind could be chained, tethered, and imprisoned.

Mr. Moraes' excellent and thoughtful book throws much light not only upon China and its misfortunes but also on the happier state of India. In Hindu society, too, the individual was subordinate to the group, the clan to the caste, but British example and education brought there freedom of expression and the rule of law, which in one hundred years became deeply ingrained with the elite of the nation. This British education of the Indian elite is an immense asset to the West and to the cause of liberty. But that does not mean that India should side politically and militarily with the West. Mr. Moraes argues very well for Nehru's and India's intermediary position.

The fact that China is warweary, emerges clearly from the book. She professes to wish for the "beautiful friendship" of all other nations, but just as "freedom" in the Communist vocabulary means freedom only to express your master's opinion, so "friendship" means a relationship where the non-Communist partner dutifully echoes the opinion of the Communist friend. The Chinese today long to recover all their former imperial possessions —Burma, Indo-China, Formosa and Korea—and beyond that to all other people. Throughout their history the Chinese have believed in the absolute superiority of their civilization and race. "The history of China," Mr. Moraes remarks, "is permeated with hate for the foreigner." The Communists have increased this xenophobia to pathological dimensions. An almost unbelievable hatred is directed against America. A young graduate of Columbia was asked how she liked her stay in America. "I hated every moment of it," she exploded with a strong American accent. This gloomy picture of a dangerous Chinese drive does not however all of Mr. Moraes' book. Much of it is fascinating straight reporting about people and material conditions in the old-new empire, its youth, its scholars, its women, and its leaders.

HANS KOHN

WHO LISTENS FOR MAN?

WHO SPEAKS FOR MAN?, by Norman Cousins (Macmillan; $3.50).

NORMAN COUSINS hopes we shall not have a Third World War. He believes the only guarantee against it is to strengthen the United Nations until that body is physically, legally, and in every other way, more powerful than any country that might wish to become an aggressor.

This would mean drastic changes in the Charter, and in present concepts of international law; every nation would have to surrender a large degree of its sovereignty. Cousins would begin asking each of the chief powers to state the conditions under which it would feel sufficiently secure to make reduction of armament possible, so that we could at least see where we stand. If Russia would not co-operate, he would have the rest of the world begin without her. He knows that there are enormous difficulties in the path; he merely, and sensibly, points out that the alternative is still worse.

Since the Second World War Cousins has traveled widely: to the Allied Zone in Germany, to Japan, Korea, Hong Kong, India; two-thirds of this book is devoted to his travels, and he is an excellent reporter. Everywhere he goes, he finds that human beings have more resemblances than differences, and he thinks it may be possible eventually to create a new world order out of that fact. "War," he says in the last paragraph of his book, "is an invention of the human mind. The human mind can invent peace with justice."

I don't see how anyone with two eyes, two ears and a brain can quarrel with Mr. Cousins' main thesis. Where he differs from many others is that the huge rocks in the path do not cause him to give up and sit down by the wayside. He has heard all the objections to a supranational peacekeeping body that anybody can offer (he is president of United World Federalists) and he still answers: "An atomic war is worse than any possible combination of hardships involved in creating a machinery for peace."

This sounds sensible to me; but not everyone shares my view. On May 10, United World Federalists held a meeting in Baltimore, Maryland, and Maryland state security police pointedly wrote down for later use, the names of automobile license numbers of as many as possible of those who attended. Clearly, Maryland thinks that if you prefer peace to war, you are so crazy as to be dangerous.

BRUCE BLIVEN

FABLED INVENTRIX

THE PASSIONATE YEARS, by Caresse Crosby (Dial; $5).

THERE ARE roughly two kinds of autobiography: the genuine summing up, where a man publicly examines his soul's successive stages as best he can; and what are, in reality, memoirs, where the author stands in the shadows to one side and reels off a long parade of persons and places he has known. Caresse Crosby's "autobiography" fits into the second, and usually inferior, class, for she has put together a kind of breathless social register of the arts and society as she has seen them in Europe and America since 1900.

She was born Mary Phelps Jacob in New York in the early nineties, and, being a woman always obliquely out of step with her times, became, while still in bloomers, the first American Girl Scout. In 1913 she invented the brassière. King George V chased her hat at a garden party in England in 1914. A year later, she married a Peabody of Boston, and got a divorce in 1922 to marry Harry Crosby, a wealthy Back Bay dilettante. They "escaped" to Paris and there founded the famous Black Sun Press, which brought out Joyce, Crane, Lawrence, Henry Miller, and their own verse and diaries. There was a Beaux Arts ball which they attended naked; a remarkably mixed acquaintanceship that included Rosa Lewis of the Cavendish, Eva Braun, and Edith Wharton; an old mill near Paris where J. J. Rousseau had lived; and always, solidly in the background, Harry's "Uncle Jack" (J. P.) Morgan.

Then, apparently without rea-

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son, Harry Crosby committed suicide in 1929. Mrs. Crosby married again in the late thirties and settled down for a time on a Virginia plantation where Salvador Dali put a piano in the lily pond.

Caresse Crosby thinks of herself now as a retired Citizen of the World. There are, of course, many worlds on this earth. And if Mrs. Crosby's seems to us to have been a rather tilted, shrill one, where the colors were flaming red, it becomes, because of its very remoteness and her passionate advocacy, a nostalgic place where even the moon must have laughed to see such jinks.

WHITNEY BALLIETT

A GREAT PAINTER

by Kermit Lansner

FOR THE SECOND TIME in eight years The Museum of Modern Art is showing a retrospective exhibition of the work of Georges Rouault. It is none too soon.

Rouault's art only lives when it is before our eyes. This is true of all painting; it should be seen and contemplated. Talking about painting is no substitute for looking at it. But the power of some modern painters can be sensed in an attenuated fashion by seeing the reflection of their styles in the work of their sympathizers or their imitators. Furthermore many of these painters lend themselves to the kind of analysis from which principles can be drawn; these become points of endless discussion. It is common to find people who believe that they can come close to the meaning of modern painting (of Matisse and Picasso, for example) through the vicarious experience of reading glosses on the work or by noting the reverberations of a style in lesser artists.

But Rouault has always been a solitary. If we do not quibble with the precision of his words, we can understand Malraux when he wrote in an early article: "Rouault's art expresses itself through intensity and not significance." This intensity permeates the art of Rouault in a constant and unique way. It welds the separate aspects of his painting into a fusion from which no element can be excerpted and then passed around for acceptance or rejection by other painers. Thus, for every painter who has painted in the style of Rouault, there are many who are not identified with the themes to which Rouault returns again and again. No other major artist leaves us with a sense of such limited variety as Rouault. Yet his subjects—the melancholy clowns, the agonized Christs, the ugly prostitutes, the imaginary landscapes—are, in fact, as numerous as those which other painters have used.

His treatment of these major themes has, on the whole, been remarkably similar—some would say repetitive. Rouault seems obsessed with certain forms which appear throughout his mature work. When we do not confront the paintings directly, these repeated forms and the prevasive black which is one of Rouault's constant traits tend to assimilate the differences between his works and we are left with the memory of a dense, closed world illumined by opaque lights, filled with pathetic figures. Only when we can look at the canvases closely can we see the struggle against this feeling of intense constraint. The surfaces are endlessly worked, some throughout a period of years, and the radiant color which is surely Rouault's glory, seems squeezed from the darkness around it.

Rouault is in his eighties, still painting; another of the great Parisian painters whose careers span the history of modern art. He has never worked in obscurity and during the last thirty years a growing fame has accompanied his efforts. But even now Rouault's work is not accepted with the full acclaim which has long been accorded his peers. He is little spoken about by other painters. The public treats his work with a piety which is unsuited to the ferocity of his own religious feeling. During a time of artistic movements and countermovements, Rouault has been neither leader nor follower—the recent Fauve show at the Museum shows again how tenuous was his essential connection to this group. Although he is one of the first figures of modern painting, his art is strangely hermetic; opposed in many respects to that of his contemporaries.

One aspect of Rouault's work is a fierce indictment of the human world of sin and corruption. In its gentler moments it appears to be an expression of his own bewilderment and melancholy in this world. Throughout his painting, and in the Miserere, he shows us the varied face of anguish. Fortunately his great sense of his calling and his craft kept him from despair; and in this tension between his personal struggle and his plastic power he has given us one of the most revealing images of our time.

Besides the paintings, there are examples of Rouault's work in all media in the current exhibition: ceramics, tapestry, enamels, ballet design and a large group of prints from the Museum's rich collection of modern etchings and lithographs. If anything is lacking among the paintings, it is an example of the violently expressionistic nudes which Rouault painted during the twenties. But this lack is balanced by a full room of oils which were completed within the last few years. In his brief introduction to the catalogue, Jacques Maritain calls them "the most invaluable jewel of the present exhibition." They are strange paintings, piled high with paint, weathered and dry to the eye—already very old. They seem to signify a complete withdrawal from the world; so dense, solid and immobile are they.

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